

# The Gateway Literary Issue

Thursday, March 27, 1986



Slipchut - GATEWAY '86

Don Filinchuk

## A Ghoul's Passing

Sophie stubbed her body on a garbage bin and fell into a puddle of glue. Now she was stuck and he was getting closer. And of course he was grinning, only Sophie failed to see the humour. She did not want to feel the slime of his pickled hands clamping onto any part of her. She did not want to look into his senseless eyes or smell his giggling breath. She would have preferred insomnia. And yet, he came closer.

"Go away," she said, aware of the futility of these two helpless words. "Go away!" she cried anyway. "Oh God, please, somebody show up and help me!" Sophie squeezed her eyes shut and continued to whimper.

Bump.  
Her eyes popped open to the safety of her room. Sophie reached over and

turned on the small light on the night table. She knew that drooling ghouls were not allowed in real life with the

lights on. Rules are rules. And the same goes for bumps: they just don't count in the light.

Bump.  
The light went out. Sophie groped for the little lamp thereby knocking it off the table. Chances were still pretty good that the bumps and her cat were one and the same thing. If it wasn't her cat, it might be the sandman. If it WAS the sandman, Sophie would scream.

The noise was coming from her closet. (Noises know their business.) She knew what she had to do: get out of bed, go to the

closet, throw open the door, see a bloated, bulging-eyed face grinning back, scream and wake up.

Sophie got out of bed. A pair of pickled hands shot out from under the bed and grabbed her ankles. Sophie almost choked on her throat.

"No! Let go!" she screamed. Luckily the hands had a lousy grip as Sophie managed to wrench herself free. She stumbled with great speed into the kitchen, grabbed the keys, ran to the car and hydroplaned out to the

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## Judge's Comments

Judging the Gateway's literary issue isn't easy. This year, like last, I found myself staring at nearly 200 entries and had to narrow it down to six winners. It wasn't an enviable task. But here they are, all six winners and the honorary entries.

It's nice to be able to provide the U of A's literary hopefuls with a forum for their efforts (and hand out a bit of monetary support as well). The final product is the best of Edmonton's new literary talent.

On behalf of the Gateway, I'd like to thank all the entrants and winners of the 1986 literary contest, and wish you all the best of luck in future literary endeavours and hope that you enter next year's contest.

**Gilbert Bouchard**  
Managing Editor

## Staff this issue

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# The Gateway

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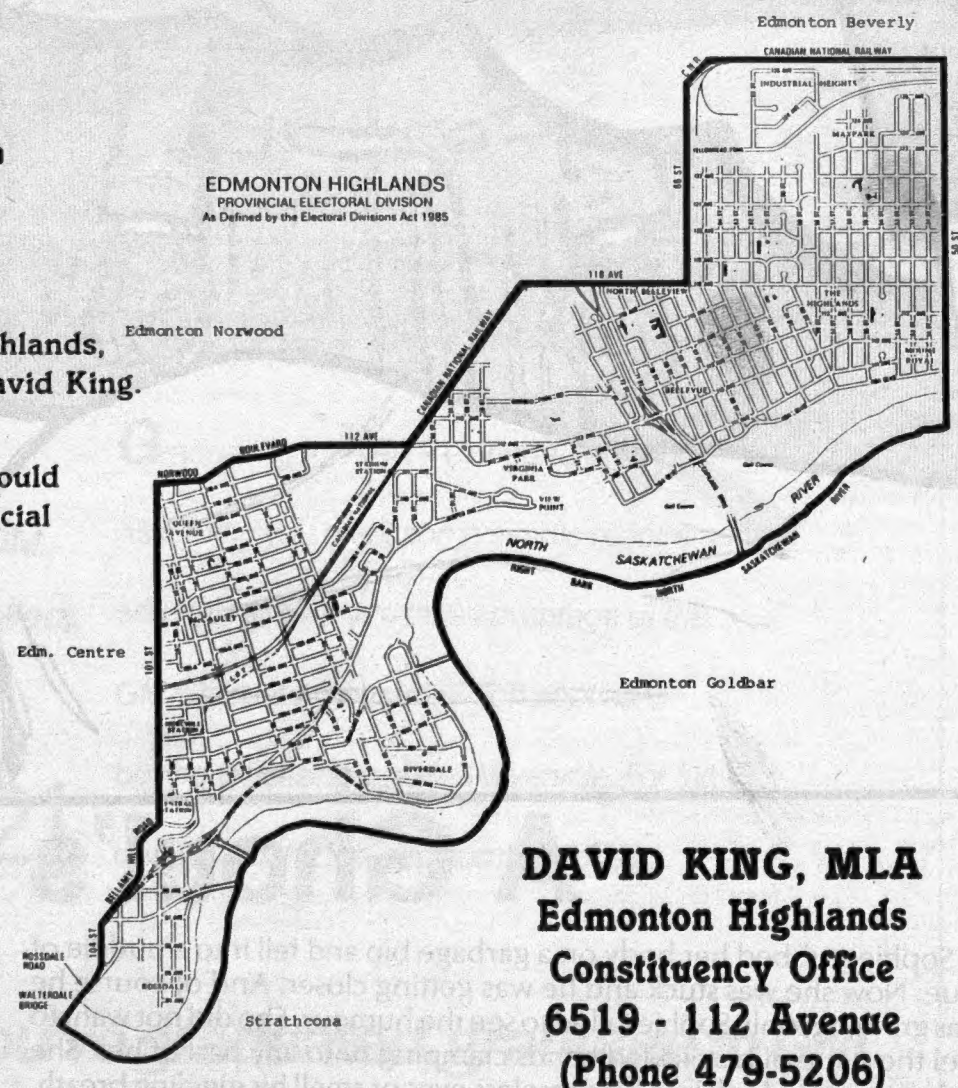
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**DAVID KING, MLA**  
**Edmonton Highlands**  
**Constituency Office**  
**6519 - 112 Avenue**  
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## Winning Short Story

Lynne Whyte

continued from page 1

highway.

A coziness sank into the car as Sophie felt the success of her escape. She grinned to herself. And so did the man in the rear view mirror.

"Oh my God!" Sophie cried. "Not again! Please! It's not fair!" Sophie began to cry so hard she couldn't see the road. She pulled over, parked and cried into her hands. "Why are you chasing me?" she blubbered. "What have I done? I don't even know you! WHO ARE YOU!" she screamed at the rear view.

The grinning man stopped grinning. He was rather on the spot.

"Do you have a kleenex or something?" Sophie asked as she used her sleeve.

Looking a little confused, the man got out of the car.

"No wait! Don't go!" Sophie whimpered. She got out after him. "Wait!"

The man waited.

"Who are you?" Sophie asked again.

A wind began to blow.

"I just want to know who you are," she tried. "Why would you want to kill me? What did I do?"

The man began to sway.

"Are you alright?"

The man fell off his feet and crumbled into bits. Parts of him blew away in the breeze.

Sophie felt guilty. "Oh look, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be rude. Please Mister, don't blow away like that."

But he just kept blowing away.

"Tell you what," Sophie suggested. "Let's meet again sometime. Somewhere nice, with sunlight and plants. How about a little cafe, I know just the place, where we can talk. I'd really like to talk to you. What do you say?"

But the man just lay in a pile of bits.

"Well, you think about it, okay?"

The cafe was comfortably crowded. Lots of people, lots of plants, not a lot of room for a nightmare. Maybe he won't show. He doesn't even belong here, she thought as she looked around at the chattering cheeriness.

A shadow appeared. Sophie blinked into it. It was him. He looked shy and hidden in his coat and hat. He said nothing.

"You're here!" Sophie offered a nervous smile and a chair.

He remained standing.

"Please, sit. It's okay. I just want to talk."

Slowly, he sat.

"I'm really glad you came. I wasn't sure if you'd dare."

No response.

"Can you speak?"

He nodded.

"English?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"Wonderful!" Sophie brightened. "So who are you?"

The man shook his head.

"What do you mean 'No'? Who are you?"

"You don't know me," he whispered.

"I know I don't know you. That's what doesn't make sense. I'm being chased by some kind of thing when the stupidity suddenly occurs to me, I don't even know you. Who are you?"

"I'm dead," he gurgled.

"Oh that's awful!"

"I'm dead."

"Okay, okay, you're dead. I still don't know who you are."

"It isn't important," he mumbled.

"What? Don't be silly!" Sophie cooed as she reached out and lightly patted his arm. "Are you saying you're not important? Of course you—" Sophie recoiled at the feel of his arm. It felt stiff and not very warm. Remembering her manners, she tried to look unaffected. "Everyone is important," she continued.

"Perhaps."

"Are you symbolic? Maybe that's it. You're supposed to be symbolic, right?"

No response.

"Am I right?" Sophie asked, feeling she ought to win a prize if she were.

The man shuffled his feet impatiently under the table and sighed heavily. He pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and blew his nose. "Let's forget it," he said, but in a different voice. And then he sneezed.

Sophie sat back preparing to become confused. "Forget what?"

"Let's just junk this whole thing. It's been a total bust anyway." He then removed his hat



*The man fell off his feet and crumbled into bits. Parts of him blew away in the breeze.*

and began to unbutton his coat.

Sophie was not confused.

"Garth Hammond," he said as he stuck out one of his pale grey hands. They shook and this time Sophie could feel his numb flesh, cold and malleable like mud.

"How do you do," Sophie said, looking like she had an ugly taste in her mouth.

Now that Garth had taken off his hat and coat, Sophie could see that he was actually quite a young man. "That's amazing!" she sang. "You look so different suddenly!"

"Trick of the trade," he shrugged. "Make-up helps." Garth wiped his face with a napkin, taking off years of wrinkles and scars.

"You're wearing make-up?" Sophie leaned closer.

"Well, I like to be convincing."

"Convincing?"

Garth leaned back and waited for her next question.

"What are you?" she asked right on cue.

"I," said Garth, "am an actor."

"An—"

"An actor. Been one all my life. Played all the parts, all the plays, caught a bad cold a while back and died, but that didn't stop me."

"It didn't?"

"Hell no! I'll always be an actor!"

Sophie was still fogged in confusion. "But you're dead," she murmured. "How can you still—"

"Dead," he quickly interrupted her, "is a pejorative term around here. But you're quite right, I am. As a matter of fact, I died in my sleep dreaming of fame—"

"Dreaming?"

"Of fame and glory and—"

"And you never woke up?"

"Never did."

Sophie didn't like it. Something was wrong. She sat up straight and gripped the edge of the table, preparing to run off if need be, when a waitress approached the table.

"Are you ready to order?" she asked.

Sophie turned quickly to the waitress and began to study her up and down. She was

young and looked much the same as any waitress with a mindful of food items, table numbers and other trivial thoughts of the day. Oh, but so young and... and what? Sophie thought. She reached out and touched the waitress' arm with a quivering, curious finger. The waitress stepped back with a What's-the-matter-with-you expression on her face, all the while retaining the diplomacy required when dealing with what the community referred to as "slumberheads".

"Are you dead too?" Sophie asked, forgetting her manners entirely.

"Yes ma'am. Now, what can I get you?"

Sophie looked around at the very distinct and different faces of the surrounding crowd. A rush of blood began to panic through her veins as she swung back to face Garth. He looked back at her blankly, but Sophie thought she caught a slight wince in his eyes. "Mr. Hammond?"

He said nothing.

Nothing was alright anymore.

"Mr. Hammond, I don't get it. Have I got a bunch of dead people running around in my head or what?"

Garth quickly sat up and cleared his throat. "Uh, we're not quite ready to order yet," he said to the waitress. "Why don't you give us a minute."

"My pleasure," the waitress smiled harshly and stamped off muttering nasty words under her breath.

Garth leaned over to Sophie. "Don't say 'Dead People'."

"Well, I—I'm sorry, but this whole idea is giving me the creeps. Tell me you're only dreaming."

"Well...I am, in a sense."

"Wait a minute," Sophie shook her head. "What makes you think you're dead just because you never woke up? Maybe this is one of those dreams that drag on for hours and really seem like years. Maybe you'll wake up tomorrow or next week or in a minute."

"Or maybe I'll get hit by a bus? Look,

forget the maybes. I've already thought about that stuff, and I'll tell you, I was pretty confused for a while until I discovered the one thing that convinced me of my true state."

"What was that?"

"My name in the classified ads under Birth Announcements."

"Oh," Sophie cooed softly. "Congratulations. I mean, I'm so sorry. No, I don't mean that either," she groaned, holding her head from its spinning cycle of thoughts. "My head hurts."

"Well, I'm not surprised if you're going to fling around so many questions."

"They didn't help. I still don't know what's going on."

"Are you saying you don't believe me?" Garth asked stiffly.

"No, no. I'm just saying that, well, that uh—"

"You don't believe me."

"No! I believe you enough. I'm just not so sure about the classified ads."

"I'm not lying!"

"Ssh! Oh please, Mr. Hammond, don't get upset. Just tell me how you know the ad isn't part of your dream."

"Whose dream?"

"Yours!" Sophie yelled in the effort to make herself understood. "Yours?!" She corrected herself. "What am I saying?"

Meanwhile Mr. Hammond's eyes had widened considerably. He snapped his fingers. "Yeah! I never thought of that. That's a good point."

Sophie's eyes widened with her own reaction. "No. No, forget what I just said. It doesn't make any sense."

"Do you know what this could mean?" Garth said, deaf to Sophie's opinion. "I could still very well be alive!" He rose from the table in a fit of jubilation and stood up on his chair. "ALIVE!" he shouted with open arms.

The cafe crowd turned their heads and looked at Garth with complaints and whispers while the waitress ran to get the host who approached with caution.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to leave Sir, since we have every right to refuse service to slumberheads at any time and since you seem to have chosen the moment yourself."

Suddenly, Sophie shot out of her chair and grabbed for the host's attention. "He's not the real slumberhead! I am! I'm the one you want to throw out. Me! Not him!"

"What do you mean?" Garth said. "You don't know that."

"Yes I do!" she tried to scream, but her words were strained with panic.

"No you don't!" Garth bantered with determination.

"Yes I do," she whimpered.

"No you don't!"

"Stop it! Stop saying that! You're mean!"

"Now look," said the host. "One of you has to leave. So who's it going to be?"

Sophie had crumpled onto the floor while Garth remained on his chair. He looked down at her folded body as he dropped his arms to the side. "Don't cry," he said gently. He stepped off the chair and knelt down beside her. "Don't cry," he whispered in her ear. "It's only a dream."

Sophie looked up at him, her eyes blurred and shining from tears.

The host bent down to the two of them. "Who's it going to be, folks?"

Garth frowned and looked at the floor. Sophie didn't know where to look and started sniffing.

"Do you have a kleenex or something?" she asked Garth.

He looked up at her and touched one of her tears. "You slumberheads never come prepared, do you?"

"What was that?" the host asked with a butting ear. "Okay little lady," he yanked her off the floor. "Let's go. Rules are rules." He pulled her towards the exit while she struggled to face Garth.

"I hope I haven't embarrassed you!" she shouted as the distance between them grew.

"Not all all," Garth said quietly. "I enjoyed the company."

"Will I ever see you again, Mr. Hammond?"

"Please," he yelled through cupped hands, "call me Garth! And I honestly don't know!"

Sophie was gone. Garth sat back down at his table, his eyes locked in the direction she had left. A soft wind curled around his body, pulling and tugging at him greedily. Bits and pieces flew off in squalls. He tapped his fingers and waited.

Thursday, March 27, 1986



Enter man, knocks on door, walks away. Enter tall african woman, knocks on door, walks away. Enter both man and woman, knock on door, yell "Fire", sing an aria and recitative from the second act of *Carmen*, spit at each other, and walk away. A moment's pause. Enter man with a bouquet of dead flowers, places them at door, yells "God Save the Queen", waits impatiently. Enter tall african woman, grabs the flowers, eats them, snorts at the man, he snorts back. Silence.

Man grinds his pelvis rhythmically while unrhythmically chanting Sinatra's "I Did It My Way", and throws off all his clothes, revealing a large tattoo, "Mother's Daughter". Meanwhile, tall african woman sings the entire fourth act from *Aida* with a dollar bill in her mouth. She puts the dollar bill in man's g-string but catches her teeth in his waistband.

Door flies open revealing snot-ridden old lady. She puts a dollar bill between her teeth, gets down on all fours, crawls forward, casts a smoldering glance up at man, and plants the dollar bill in the g-string. Man frowns lugubriously at old woman who has also caught her teeth in his waistband.

"Is there no rest," he cries, "uh, excuse me, ma'am, uh, your teeth are rather sharp. Ohhh, ahhh, what are you doing, please stop that, ohhhh, ooooooh, eeeek, you're my mother, you shouldn't be doing such things."

The old lady pulls back with the g-string still in her mouth and nibbles "Your mother?"

"Yes, mother, it's me, your son Pavlo. I've just got out of prison. I murdered father, remember."

"Oh yes, I think his name was John. He was such a good man. It was with a frozen moose leg, wasn't it?"

"Yes mother, but let's not dwell in the past. I'd like you to meet Wamibo, my fiancée. We're here to take the place."

The old woman glares savagely at Pavlo, her nostrils contort and she snorts, flinging mucus in every direction, while bucking helplessly. She disappears through the door. Moments later, she sashays back through the door, composed and carrying a tray of cucumber sandwiches.

"Are you from Gabon?" she asks, but not knowing who really to ask.

"Yes," the tall african woman responds, "I was born there."

"Why, what a coincidence," cries the old woman, "so was I. Of course I had darker skin back then. You'd never know it, would you? Where in Gabon were you born?"

"The capital."

"Well heavens, so was I."

"Mother, you're telling lies. You never lived in Gabon, you never lived in Africa, you were born in Minsk and couldn't get out till after the revolu—oh, pardon me, you were born in Gabon, I was thinking of someone else, so sorry."

The old woman disappears through the door. She returns with a photo album, blows dust off its cover, and opens it with care.

"I'll show you the house I lived in. This is it here."

"Why, what a coincidence," cries the tall african woman, "I've never seen that house before in my life. Why are there no windows?"

"We had no use for chamber pots," says the old woman.

"Oh, how sad," replies the tall african woman while pulling out a wallet of pictures from her purse, and shows off one picture in particular. "We had many windows, hundreds. Oh, there's my brother Wimabo and my sister Womiba. Mind you, mother was always going to the loo. She had a chamber pot in her hands night and day. She cooked with it, she knit with it, she even went to church with it. There were no windows in the church. The vicar was always peeved at mother. She'd receive communion with her chamber pot in her hands. Once the vicar dropped the host in it. Mother said 'Thank-you'."

"We would like the suite now mother, if it's not an inconvenience."

"But son, father's still in the closet and won't be finished for awhile."

"Finished?"

"Decomposing, he should be done in another seven or eight years. Looks quite good, he's come a long way since the day you caught him listening to contraband records. Heavens, what would the authorities have said. It's a good thing you brained him when you did. It's not easy being a member of the Anti-Life League these days. Everyone's so dreadfully happy. In a hurry to move out to the suburbs. Just premature brain death, if you ask me. Speaking of brain death, did you know we had a television once? Your father sold it for a trombone, thought he was Glenn Miller when Miller

Thursday, March 27, 1986

## Runner-up Short Story

Warren Sulatycky

# The Tenants



Andy Philpotts

*The vicar was always peeved at mother. She'd receive communion with her chamber pot in her hands. Once the vicar dropped the host in it. Mother said 'Thank-you'.*

went missing. Your father still thinks he's Glenn Miller. Of course, they're both dead now. I'm still not sure who's who. If your father's Glenn Miller, or Glenn Miller your father."

The old woman runs back into her apartment and returns with a trombone in hand and plays a swing tune.

"He wanted you to have it, he knew you couldn't play. If you did, he never would have left it. You two were always so competitive. You know, he had a frozen moose leg waiting for you. Always chums, huh? A family that stays together, brains together. The leg made great soup. Of course, I cooked your father's leg, mistook it for the moose's. I put the moose one on your father. Couldn't tell the difference. Now, everything's all green, and the maggots, my heavens, you should see the...would you like to see your father, he's been asking for you."

"Yes, I know," Pavlo replies, "I had a letter from him just the other day asking about the insurance money. We never got the twenty thousand. The insurance men found the rubber hose in the basement behind the gas furnace. Dad was really just a poor little tugboat looking for its harbor. Well mother, goodbye, you're leaving."

His mother runs back into her room, slams

the door and yells "Help, Help. Fire, Rape".

"Mother, don't be difficult. We've been through this scene before and you've always given in. Your shopping cart's underneath the stairwell, just where you left it. Come on out mother, and bring dad."

The door edges open, and dad is thrown out. The door closes.

"Ohhh mother, how could you, dad looks terrible, you should have told me, I would have gotten a doctor for him. Mother, for the last time, for your sake, for the sake of all in this building, on this block, come out of the apartment."

The door does not change.

"Alright then, Francis. That's right. I said Francis."

From behind the door comes a muffled "Oh my God!"

Francis, Francuuus, Franny. Missuuuus Entropy, cuuuuumm ouout. Alright then, Mrs. Entropy. I'm forced to inform you that I am not your son, hence, you are not my mother. You never were. You're not even the landlady here. I only pretended I was your son. I know all about the hysterical pregnancy, how the policemen brought me here only temporarily, how you refused to give me back. For God's sake, mother, I was twenty seven years old. You think I didn't know? So you thought you could get away with it, huh,

well forget it lady, I'm onto your act. Plying me with chicken pies and mashed potatoes, with peach cobbler and cherry ice cream. You were too generous. I realized it when it dawned on me you never served me liver and onions. Just once I wanted you to send me to my room without dinner, but no, you sent dad instead. Once you killed mutton our dog for spilling his milk but when I spilt my milk, what did you do, you took the milkman up to your boudoir to show him your statue of Neptune taming sea-horses. You're not subtle, Mrs. Entropy. I'm a grown man now, Mrs. Entropy. Get out of your apartment, Mrs. Entropy. I am now the new landlady of this building."

The door does not change. The man and the tall african woman leave and then return with a funeral bier and a frozen moose leg. Suddenly, the door flies open and the old woman runs out screaming and into the hands of the waiting couple. They toss her onto the bier.

Now, when they had made prayer and flung down barley, Pavlo, the high-hearted son of whomever, standing close up to Mrs. Entropy, struck, and the moose leg chopped its way through the tendons of the neck and unstrung the strength of his surrogate mother. Wamibo raised the outcry. They lifted the cow from the hall of the wide ways, and held her in place, and Pavlo, leader of men, slaughtered her. Now when the black blood had run over the carpet, and the spirit went from the bones, they divided her into parts, and cut out the thigh bones all according to due order, and wrapped them in fat, making a double fold, and laid shreds of flesh upon them. Pavlo burned them on cleft hangers, and poured the gleaming wine over, while Wamibo and the other tenants stood about with forks in their hands. When all had put away their desire for eating and drinking Pavlo and Wamibo took their new apartment.



bearing it

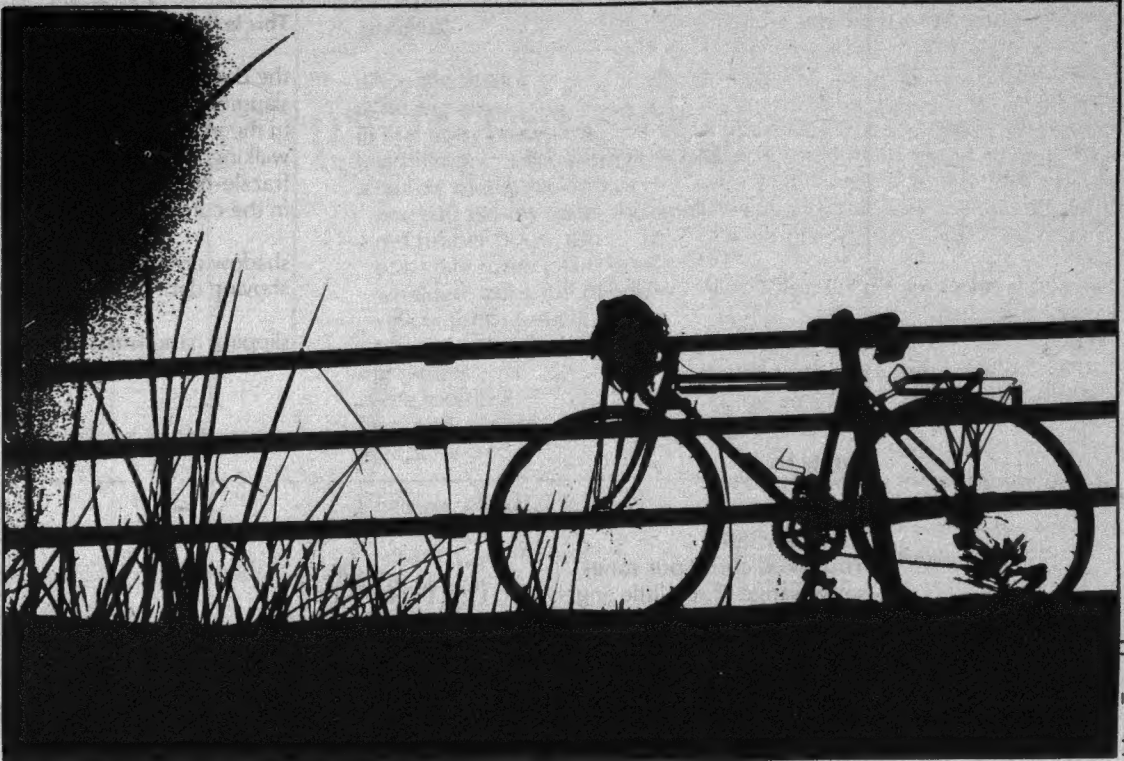
All I wanted to ask was  
*how do you tighten the cable?*  
I am now able  
to fix my own bike alone  
and it works, even  
rode it out a mile  
and back and it didn't  
fall apart, unlike me  
lying there with  
my teddy bear  
whose name I've  
forgotten, he's fuzzy  
and soft and he doesn't  
say nuthin, not a growl  
even though I hug him  
far too tight and  
wet his fake fur  
— we've never fought.  
He bears all but  
he's not much of a mechanic—  
neither am I  
I just follow orders  
fetch the parts

earn the marks and  
when it's all over  
Humbert (that's it!) and I  
will soak up wine  
together although he  
neither drinks nor eats—  
the ultimate gentlebear.

I'll invite him to the next  
Nepalisan tea party I give  
where everybody simply sits  
and drinks tea for hours  
in utter silence

(like that). He'd love it not  
having to talk and I bet  
that they wouldn't even mind  
if he didn't drink the tea.

*How do I fix this cable?*  
My bear's gone to Nepal and  
the tee vee's gone blank  
white with video snow  
no show, no bear what  
the hell now do I do?  
by Lisa Trofymow



Marc Tremblay

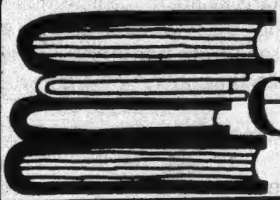


Tim Hellum

Film Noir Pizza

This was no ordinary pizza. A half-price pizza lies glaring at me from its box. Tempting dish. Especially if your stomach feels like the inside of an ole unwashed coffee mug that has one too many cigarette butts in the bottom. And it's dark. My Stomach. So is the pizza. It's too dark. Somehow, something tells me things aren't quite what they should be with this pizza. I knew the minute I opened the lid, the mushrooms, the pepperoni, they had a way of moving that kind of got your pulse going so that you wished you had never heard of pizza before. The light wasn't right. It revealed too much too soon. The mystery was lots. This was no enigmatic pizza. Oh sure, it had once been mysterious back when white picket fences were fun to swing on. But this pizza had seen too many dark nights, too many vermin-filled back alleys. It knew every angle of this armpit of a city. I knew when I opened the box that I was looking a dead pizza in the face. A helpless victim of circumstances. I knew myself that I would end a dead mick also if I pursued this matter any further. I ate the Pizza anyways. Someone's following me.

by Warren Sulatycky

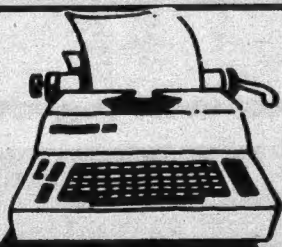


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**ORDER DEADLINE:**  
**APRIL 11th**  
**CLOSING:**  
**APRIL 18th**



**This Is the Way I Remember It /// The Syntax Around Our Fingers Wrapping**

the dead leaves  
slapping our faces  
in the wind cold  
walking together your hair  
frazzle-blowing  
in the current  
electric  
shadow dreams  
shoving dark thoughts into pockets  
and  
slipping hand into hand

leaves dead our faces  
slapping in the wind cold  
blowing together  
your hair frazzle walking  
electric  
in the current  
shadow  
dreams  
shoving into pockets  
thoughts  
dark

and  
hand into hand  
slipping  
by WH Reimer

**Aunty Lo**

Remember that car ride from Unity  
to somewhere?  
You asked about our songs  
so we sange Three little angels tryin t'get t'heaven Oh  
there was turtles wearin ladies girtles and Hey  
lidy lidy lo!  
You laughed;  
we thought they were funny, too.  
Songs for miles 'n miles,  
'cause we knew a whole bunch  
and we loved to hear you laugh.

by Kim Henbest

**Crystal Renegade**

crystal renegade  
calcified rebel  
magma to fossil  
earth to dust

by R. Woodward



Bonnie Zimmerman

**Judy**

Judy. Sign on.

The green square blinks  
then tumbles her thoughts dry.  
It winks in the corner  
and waits.

In the basement,  
Dental Sciences keeps kennels;  
dogs with bad teeth.  
Judy works despite this  
and keeps the howls behind her.  
Enter.  
Wrong.  
Cancel.

Judy dies  
and starts again,  
rubs her glasses and shakes  
the green from her lenses.  
And starts again

Judy. Enter.

In the basement  
a hound pokes his nose through mesh  
and howls. Judy leans forward  
and in the screen  
checks her teeth for cavities.

**II**

Judy takes her printed shapes  
and heads home at nine o'clock.

She sits on the aisle,  
away from the window and watches  
the driver's reflection.  
He winks, white teeth,  
and watches her in rear-view mirrors.

Judy stares  
and through the driver  
sees trees move past the bus.

He smiles and thinks she wants  
a better view;  
rolls his sleeves and shows  
his fine dark hair.

Judy stares.  
A green square blinks each retina.  
Enter.  
Cancel.  
She feels the urge to shave her legs.

Judy dies,  
cups her hands around her eyes  
and wonders why trees  
never grow beside schools.

Judy  
Sign on  
Enter  
Cancel.  
by N. Sacuta



**Involvement  
Opportunity**

**University of Alberta President's Advisory  
Committee on Sexual Harassment**

— Requires:

- 1 Alternate Male Undergraduate Member to serve immediately to 30 June, 1987.
- 1 Regular Female Undergraduate member for two-year term, 1 July 1986 to 30 June, 1988.
- 1 Regular Male Undergraduate Member to serve immediately to 30 June, 1987

— Purpose of the Committee:

- (1) To encourage and coordinate an education and awareness programme in cooperation with the Association of the Academic Staff, the Non-Academic Staff Association, the Students' Union and the Graduate Students' Association and through these four main staff and student groups, with other concerned campus organizations;
- (2) To investigate complaints of sexual harassment at the University of Alberta;
- (3) To refer the results of its investigations to the appropriate appeal, grievance, or disciplinary body on campus or to legal authorities off campus when warranted;
- (4) To forward to the President all confidential matters;
- (5) To report to the President at least annually.

— Alternate committee members do not attend committee meetings during the year so the time commitment is not demanding, but may be asked to serve on an assessment or investigative panel once or twice a year.

— For regular members, meetings are at the call of the chair (average 6/year).

**Deadline for Applications:** 4:00 pm, Wednesday, 2 April, 1986  
For Applications and Information, Contact the Students' Union Executive Offices, Room 259 Students' Union Building (SUB)

**DINWOODIE  
CABARETS**

Phone 432-2048

Tickets are available from SUB Box Office (432-5145) and various club members.  
Note: These cabarets are open to U of A students, staff and guests.

**NEW: DESIGNATED DRIVERS' PROGRAM.** Absolutely no minors admitted.  
Age ID required.

**CJSR-FM EDMONTON'S ALTERNATIVE  
VEHICLE ON THE AIRWAVES PRESENTS:**

**THE FINAL PUSH**



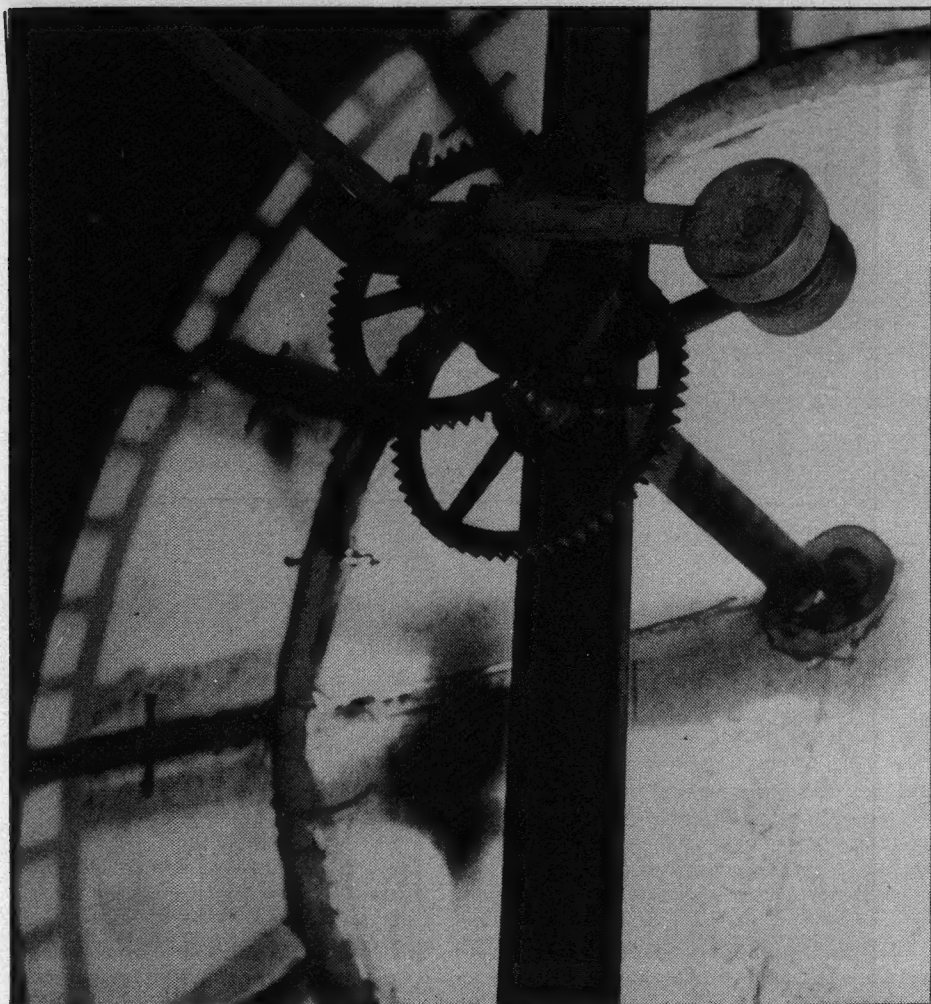
**'A Friends of CJSR  
Society Presentation'**

featuring:

**BRILLIANT ORANGE**  
from Vancouver  
**ZAMBONI DRIVERS**  
from Vancouver  
**COLOR ME PSYCHO**  
from Calgary

**SAT. MAR 29th 8 pm**  
**Dinwoodie Lounge**  
**Tix \$7 at SUB Box Office,**  
**CJSR or at the door**  
**NO MINORS**





Rob Schmidt

(untitled)

while she sleeps  
in his big arms  
in that noisy place,  
her children, pulled from their beds,  
scramble madly for clothes —  
one pair paisley pants, too small  
red rubber boots, torn  
old white runners, no laces  
wrinkled socks, full of holes  
yellow dress, too big

she returns  
in the morning  
finds beds empty  
except for one —

a hairless, plastic doll  
is sprawled  
in the wet, smelly bed  
of the littlest

she shakes and cries  
over which she wants more —  
coffee or scotch  
aspirin or marijuana

scavenges among the abandoned toys  
for her children  
holds the doll  
caresses her child's face  
kicks the ball  
the ball  
the ball  
the ball  
the ball  
the doll

hurls school books crayons  
stuffed animals toy cars  
a ball a doll  
from bedroom windows  
and they fall  
on the broken glass and rubbish below

by Astrid Blodgett

(untitled)

He said he loves ginko leaves,  
but he grows only avocados  
now from gnawed pits  
in his basement suite.  
"Four leaves I'd get  
a skinny stem and  
only four leaves  
the new four grow the old four fall off,"  
he complains.  
He wanted to grow a ginko  
but its huge juicy leaves  
withered within the confinement  
of his oily garage.  
"Ginkos hate gasoline" he jokes,  
but I think it was  
because of the dark.

by Lisa Trofymow

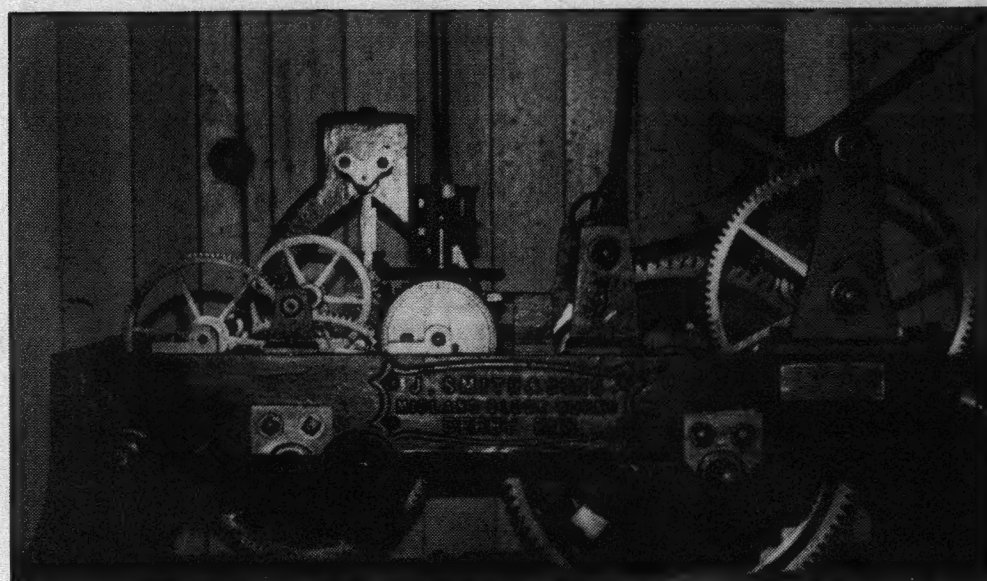
(untitled)

Blahfully blah,  
blahness blahed  
lah de dah  
falling down blah  
(in a stupor it falls)  
into my house  
into my t.v. set

laughing  
blahness  
walls of blah  
feet of blah

surrender myself.

by David Fournier



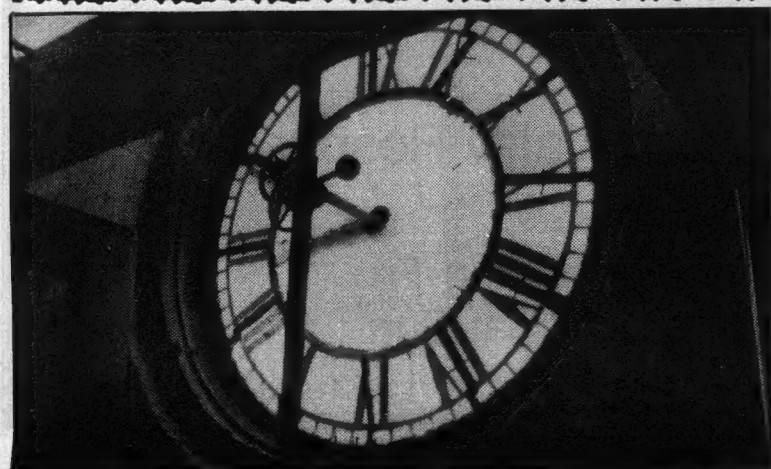
Rob Schmidt

### The New Solecists

**sole.cism** (sal'e siz'm) n. (Gr. solikos,  
speaking incorrectly) a violation of the  
conventional usage, grammar, etc. of a language

We are the New Solecists  
windowless candle wax,  
humourless, wickless,  
grim

by R. Woodward



Rob Schmidt

### The Armageddon of Jericho

The walls came tumbling down  
But you forgot to take the ruins with you  
And now their shadows creep their hideous  
fingers across my mind.

by M. Mrochuk



# The Intellectual (a novella)

A long meat-white rubber dildo sticks through my head like a trick Indian arrow. At the point where it enters and exits my temples white brain-ooze oozes out and down the side of my face, out of bone-black skull, out of nothingness, and into a world where babies litter dead sidewalks because God was too busy to...ohhhhhh, eeeeeekkk...

Brain orgasm.

But wait, there are others.

I'm not the only one who enjoys wit-whacking.

Look, over there. A woman trepanned by a dildo just like mine, a Louisville-sluggo no less.

Ahhhh, she's in bliss and she can quote Kantian ethics in twelve different languages. Hell everybody can. This whole room is awash in one giant communal brain-fuck. Aerobics for the mind.

Okay girls, grab the rubber and yank. Here we go, and four, three, two, one, and begin, and pull, and pull.

Doesn't that feel good. Isn't thinking great. Learning is your best asset, darlings.

And I'm one of the girls, yanking furiously at my dildo, thinking about Saint Thomas of Aquinas.

My eyes watching "Moby Dick" passing behind them.

Those aren't eye exercises you see people doing, people are thinking.

To think, therefore I whack.

Soon, I will have a degree in whacking, and I still have my sight.

Oh, look over there, the woman with the beehive hairdo, smoking, french inhaling each time she pulls her "Texan Monster" out for a breather.

Must be one of those French Surrealists.

Oh, to be *tres elegant*, and think at the same time.

There's someone who's trying but not making much of a go at it.

He wears the latest in footwear, and his prick is pink.

Or rather his dildo is, and he calls it Vince.

Who nicknames their weenie?

He does, next week it'll be Trent. Oh, the whims of youth and the wonders of...

Oh, oh, oh, over there, isn't it a famous Canadian authoress?

My, that's quite a wrench-tamer she's sporting.

Isn't Canadian literature the best?

It's a bit messy though, have to wear a lot of rubber when reading Northrop's work.

Is there a Canadian mythical dildo?

And how about the aerobics instructor?

My, what a big instrument he has.

It's been in his head so long it's petrified.

He's scratched "Micky loves Binky" onto it.

Oh well, true love triumphs over brain-sex everytime.

Okay girls, that'll be enough for today, make sure you stretch.

We don't want lactic acid build-up?

That's it? That's it? I was just getting started.

What about Sartre and Being and Nothingness?

What about Camus and absurdity?

What about God and the universe?

What about morality?

Yeah, what about that?

It's not moral to leave me like this, begging, pleading.

Oh, you're just like all the rest, a wink, a little wit, and it's over.

Well, I'm not satisfied.

But, it's too late.

The instructor has taken out his "widow-maker" and put it in his briefcase.

Everyone does the same.

Can't be seen in public with our dildoes sticking out of our heads.

Heavens, we'd be called intellectuals, oh no, can't have that.

Some leave them in anyway— "Neo-existentialists, Post-Post-Modernists".

by Warren Sulatycky





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Confidentiality Respected

8 a.m. - 11 p.m. Mon-Fri  
5 p.m. - 11 p.m. Sat-Sun



(untitled)

in mornings sometimes  
i find her  
rummaging for existence  
amid the yellow of the walls  
that destroy my faith in taste  
she told me once children swim  
and i sat down on the stairs  
indifferent  
until it happened that she fell  
and i began falling with her  
happiness beneath us  
suffering non-  
existent  
our discipline departed

what is her name? i thought  
Julie? said she

and now we search the tasteless  
wall together.

blue upon blonde hair  
plays like a screen  
empty ashes  
she is the red of the sun  
she is the blue of the blonde  
come closer and find her end  
in basements of noise  
emanates far too late  
a movement  
curious-sounding listening  
but she could not be there  
she is here  
under me

Julie  
empty  
like a screen.

here we are not  
nor are you there  
or i a you  
and you an i  
yet everywhere:  
people flow into trains  
children swim among leaves  
puppies discover the river  
undulating  
undulating  
masses laugh  
laugh at mass  
a PARIS of urinating streets  
a LONDON of turner-smeared views  
a BERLIN of mainlining children  
a HERE of blueness discovered?  
Julie, a battered wife,  
batters her child battering leaves.

by David Fournier

waiting woman

silenced by passion  
she stood without expression  
throughout ages past and gone

and now passion is habitual  
not from breath dividual  
and daily sweetens on

by Robert Einarsson

holy remnant

twice infinite gratitude  
and twice releasing  
bonds bind

forceless  
mighty  
love

all else  
secure  
dies

by Robert Einarsson

**Easter Schedule**  
**St. Joseph's College**  
**Catholic Campus Ministry**

**Holy Thursday (March 27)**  
**Mass of The Lord's Supper 7:30 pm**

**Good Friday (March 28)**  
**Commemoration of the Lord's Death**  
**2:30 and 4:30 pm**

**Holy Saturday (March 29)**  
**Confessions 3:30-5:00 pm**  
**Easter Vigil 11 pm**

**Easter Sunday (March 30)**  
**Mass at 9:30 and 11:00 am only**

**For further information,**  
**call 433-2275 or 433-4461**

KIDS, CAN YOU GUESS  
WHAT WE'LL TALK  
ABOUT TODAY?



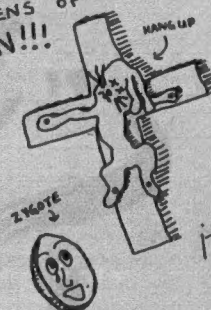
THE SINFUL SYMBOLS OF  
EASTER: BUNNY, EGG, SEX.



SO THIS EASTER WE'LL  
HAVE AN EGG-BASHING  
AND BUNNY-BURNING!



WE MUST RID THE  
HEATHENS OF THEIR  
SIN!!!



Jerome Ryckborst

## SUB THEATRE CONCERTS

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Doug Schmidt

## No Hat, No Gloves

She will not sit down  
in the first seat, pretending  
she can still afford the luxury  
of choice.

We lurch —  
the ineffectual hands startled,  
search and bruise, as she loses  
balance into the seat in front of me.

It is a sweet, sharp smell, almost  
imported from unwashed, unchanged  
rue St. Denis and I wonder if she knows?  
I wonder if I will

## Ogopogo Popping

father never stopped at roadside stands  
his warm slick hands  
somehow held firm on the wheel  
we drove on and on

oh it was hot

mother changed the ice in banff  
vinegar jugs warm like dad's hands  
we'd share the water the four of us  
stuck to the seats in the back

we never complained  
(dad said the campsite  
would fill by three)

WELCOME TO PEACHLAND'S TRAIL-R-INN  
park among the cherry trees  
no picking please

we burst out barefoot  
across the gravel ooching our way  
to the beach  
and vinegared relief in the water

it was so cold

IT had been seen the day before  
now dad was on the shore  
four popsicles dripping on the sand  
we splashed towards him

ogopogo pops a foot long  
they never stayed on the sticks  
you always lost half in the sand

IT had been seen the day before  
the ogopogo on the okanagan  
second only to that serpent  
somewhere in scotland

dad told us  
mother didn't want us in the water

that night something took a bite off  
the roof of the trailer  
mom and dad never heard a thing

we drove away next morning  
dad apologized with ogopogo pops  
we sucked he drove  
up and away from the lake

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE OKANAGAN  
please come again  
and a serpent wrapped around the sign

we sucked  
down below  
a shiny underbelly  
and a smile in the water

we spilled juice on the seats  
sucking for all it was worth

Short poem winner: Kim Henbest  
Short poem runner-up: WH Riemer  
Long poem winner: Norm Sacuta  
Long poem runner-up: Astrid Blodgett

Doug Schmidt



(untitled)

when the new trainee  
 added finishing touches  
 to the world,  
 he left out a few things  
 here and there  
 (didn't tell anyone, though;  
 needed the job)  
 forgot a couple of styrofoam cups  
 (from a package of 50)  
 and a door knob or two;  
 left the rewind button  
 off somebody's tape recorder;  
 dropped a drainpipe somewhere  
 and misplaced the street map for Bongandanga  
 This wasn't so bad  
 (his boss had done worse)  
 and but for the wildebeest  
 in my basement,  
 he might still have the job  
 Oh, the wildebeest and I  
 get on fine  
 (now that we've made  
 our little agreement)  
 Every Sunday at precisely twelve noon  
 I feed him (oysters and beans)  
 and we play backgammon  
 It is in my best interest  
 to let him win

## february white cloth hanging

lives suspended  
 in frost animation  
 like two struggling  
 hands against red cheek  
 bones in wind cracking  
 the world  
 revolves slowly  
 those days  
 like white serpents  
 rising  
 out of sewers



# I Showed Them

Did you ever get the feeling  
Some days  
That you could  
Drive to the edge of the country  
And run your car  
Off the beach  
Into the ocean  
Just so you would  
See how it feels  
To do one reckless  
Think in your life  
Without criticism  
Or reproach  
From the hind side  
Of society

by Sharon Shultz

## manipulation

broken glass  
spotted windows  
biting wind  
blowing grass

heavy heart  
knitted brow  
salty tears  
where do i start?

destroyed ego  
confused future  
distorted thoughts  
what should i do?

open sky  
running river  
empty field  
who is this person called "I"?

mud-grass stain  
dried up sweat  
spinning head  
oh why this pain?

crowded bus  
pushy people  
gawking tramps  
it's a fuss

can i be free?  
i feel a chain  
i cannot run  
and discover the "me"

sailing high  
land below  
i'm finally there  
in love with the sky

imperfect ability  
it came hard  
eating dirt  
facing reality

it was me  
attained elation  
but stolen glory  
result: annihilation

stifling air  
humid weather  
scorching sun  
no one cares

i am one  
caged in my own head  
i cannot escape  
death has just begun

growth can freeze  
time goes on  
it's passing by  
help me please!

can't you hear?  
all is mute  
all is lonely  
all is fear

tattered shoe lace  
abandoned nest  
thirsty puddle  
hide my face

by Diane Hoy



Marc Tremblay

# Canada

## ATTENTION

### "1986 UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA GRADUATES"

The Canada Employment Centre on Campus anticipates offering several "JOB FINDING CLUB" Sessions this Summer

If you need assistance finding a permanent career related job,  
and can afford to make a 2 week commitment  
then perhaps we can help:

This applies to graduates of all disciplines.

Leave your name and phone number at the

CANADA EMPLOYMENT CENTRE, 4th Floor SUB

**ATTENTION: April '86 GRADS — If you do not have a permanent job by the end of April, please bring a copy of your resume for our files.**



Employment and  
Immigration Canada

Emploi et  
Immigration Canada

Thursday, March 27, 1986

## GRADUATION PORTRAITS

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## Accent

A voice,  
dropped in a pool of restaurant silence,  
resonates like rings, rings,  
circling the next table—  
where laughter ripples. The submersible voice  
agitates the surface  
leaving the speaker unchanged by sound.

by Heather D. Murray

## Fat Boy With Hamburger

Fat boy with hamburger  
orders for arrival with the stripper  
cold draft and gravy on the fries  
gush into his mouth  
the deep rich sauce of desire  
dancing before him  
eating, gushing flashdance  
at ringside  
her high kicks reveal  
the pleasure of each bite

Fat boy with hamburger  
smiles awkwardly  
as she exposes his closeness  
and smiles a laugh  
at his gluttonous lust  
satisfied by mayonnaise  
on two patties of meat  
to the visual treat  
of her night white skin

Each bite  
her pleasure floods delight  
into his mouth  
the hard rock dream  
he longs to touch  
and eat  
with greasy hands—  
her mouth surrounds  
the fat boy with hamburger

by James R. Martin

## Justice - South Africa

Maybe you hear 'bout  
that farm owner himself  
went to jail? He given  
one year for killing  
seven-month pregnant woman  
on his farm.  
He said  
she was stealing  
firewood and he shoot  
at her buttocks.  
Judge said  
farmer was wrong.  
Judge said  
should have aimed  
at her lower  
legs.

by Kim Henbest



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## SUMMER EMPLOYMENT — TREE PLANTING

Evergreen Forestry Services Ltd. will be on campus Wednesday, April 9th, to provide information to students interested in tree planting work.

An information bulletin is posted in the Placement Office.

Two general information sessions are planned for room 034 SUB Basement at 10:30 am and 12:30 pm on Wednesday, April 9.

Applications will be reviewed immediately followed the information sessions.

## WRITING COMPETENCE WORKSHOPS

SPRING, 1986

**WORKSHOP 1:** Tuesday, April 1 6:30 — 9:30 pm  
Wednesday, April 2 6:30 — 9:30 pm  
Saturday, April 5 9:00 — 12:00 noon  
1:00 — 4:00 pm

**WORKSHOP 2:** Saturday, May 3 9:00 — 12:00 noon  
1:00 — 4:00 pm  
Saturday, May 10 9:00 — 12:00 noon  
1:00 — 4:00 pm

Each workshop includes a review of basic composition skills and practice writing assignments. For further information and registration forms, contact: Testing and Remediation  
441 Athabasca Hall

Thursday, March 27, 1986



### 26th Floor

Day after day  
writing poems  
facing windy mornings  
from a concrete balcony  
on the 26th floor

You came along  
washed out bones  
a hand full of dust  
sniffing nights away  
from behind watery eyes

You came along  
pale butterfly  
with pages of questions  
on where the sun lives  
where the seasons go at night

Day after day  
lying on pink cushions  
breathing deep by the balcony  
waiting for dazzling judgements  
on virgin poems never written

You were younger then  
I was too  
in the indigo night  
waiting for the ceiling to collapse  
on our dried out brains.

by Silvano Zamaro

### The Drawing

Face tracing itself  
from my pencil  
gathering itself  
begins to squint

Scrawled awry  
more accurately  
than intended,  
lightly writing an  
awareness yet blind, it

Unexpectedly  
looks up  
-returns  
a paper mirror's  
recognition

by Laurel Braid

### Memories I See

Fields before me loom  
like crazy messed up days  
of wild flower visions  
and girls with ribbons in long hair  
I had none  
and my hair was cropped short.

by Theresa Lavoie

# Ford

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**IN EVERYTHING WE SELL AND SERVICE.**



*Your Kind of People....*

**KENTWOOD FORD**

**476-8651  
13344-97 ST.**

### Regate a Deauville

sails pregnant  
with the wind  
rock  
savagely  
on a pontillist  
sea  
teal green  
and  
unnavigable  
the  
frenzied foam  
dancing  
before timid  
bows  
and sailors  
as waves choppy  
fractured  
by rain or sea  
birds  
pommel them  
capsizing  
favorites

in the club  
house  
women (thin as  
kittens) watch  
droopy eyed  
between  
sips of Pernod  
and Salammbo  
bodies  
amorphous in  
robes of  
black  
silk with salmon  
pink  
scarves  
and hair  
grey as the  
sky  
no music somnambulists  
in a  
dream

she stepped  
outside  
paraplued  
down the  
pier  
ravished by the  
maritime  
gale  
and waited  
the boats  
struggling  
back to  
harbour.

by M.



Don Filipchuk



### The Quilt

Patchwork  
pieces of a summer with sun in cotton sand.  
Bits of maternity. Sown.  
Children together the coloured years,  
the cover—  
lapping histories un-  
fold paternity.  
Amidst men's pyjamas, party frock,  
stripe or strip of nightdress  
rest  
squared portraiture:  
the leavings  
of the layered life  
to lull to sleep with dreams of patchwork days.

by Heather D. Murray

### Harvest of Sorrows (to the memory of Anne McCawley)

This her last jig  
on the shore  
she knew she would never  
return to. The morning fog hangs  
thick like a bitter epitaph  
upon the fields. The one lone  
road stretching between  
like an empty corridor  
where only the dead  
fall into earth  
in their harvest of sorrows.

Kneeling on the shore  
of drought she gathers  
a last handful of pebbles  
a pocketful of Ireland.

by Mark McCawley

### pas de titre

Je suis un gros lézard flemmard  
J'somme au rythme des guitares  
Gouverne par un incurable besoin  
Plutôt que de regner, de rever dans mon coin..

Pourtant je n'dedaigne pas les amis  
Ne me faites pas misanthrope quand je n'suis  
Que mis en boîte par ceux qui - pour mon bien -  
De lézard que je suis, me voudraient requin

Le travail m'ennui plus qu'il ne me fatigue  
Et la betise, sa soeur jumelle, aussi collante  
Que lui, me poursuit de ses fientes  
Elle n'me pardonne pas ma vie sans guides

Mais rien ne me passionne vraiment  
Dans ce monde gluant ou sont rois les puants  
Sinon aller de l'avant, j'entends, a ma maniere  
Sur ce chemin pave d'erreurs, qui mene a la derniere

Celle que commet la vie  
En se laissant mourir

La vie a toujours tort  
Qui fait place a la mort..

Alors, en attendant, laissez-moi mes guitares  
Mes rêves ne tuent personne, pas même a petit feu  
Au contraire de vos bureaux-usines.. abattoirs..  
Mais, pompeux hypocrite, vous vous bouchiez les yeux

De toute façon, je voulais vous dire  
De votre oeuvre approche sa consecration  
Requins, cessez de vous bouffer le rire,  
Vous mettra d'accord, ce nucléaire champignon..

Et moi, victime innocente de votre connerie  
J'aurai, depuis longtemps, choisi la fuite  
Et n'serai plus qu'un loir,  
Endormi dans un tiroir...

by Philippe Sailer

# AOC

## FINANCING ALBERTA BUSINESS

The Alberta Opportunity  
Company provides financial and  
counselling assistance to small  
business enterprises.



### Bridging Troubled Waters!

When the City of Edmonton put out a tender for applications to run the paddle boat franchise at Rundle and Hawrelak Parks, Paul Lufkin jumped in feet first.

Paul, a full time Commerce student at The University of Alberta at the time, found conventional lenders unwilling to finance his seasonal venture.

When he approached AOC, Paul was introduced to a special program for student loans. His business proposal was reviewed, and a loan approved to provide a workable cash flow to offset operating expenses.

Profits and staff have increased by 100% since City Recreational Services bought the franchise, and new additions such as the 'aquatrike' are proving very successful.

If you're a student with a sound business idea, call or visit your nearest AOC office and ask for our brochure, *Financing Alberta Student Business*.

**Alberta**  
OPPORTUNITY COMPANY  
Financing Alberta Business

AOC has offices in Brooks, Calgary, Edmonton, Edson, Grande Prairie, Lethbridge, Lloydminster, Medicine Hat, Peace River, Red Deer, St. Paul, and its head office is located in Ponoka.

## Free popcorn with Donation for the Food Bank. Circle K

# sub theatre CINEMA

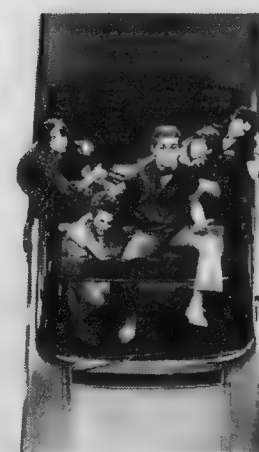
\$2.00 for U of A Students

\$4.50 for non-students

Doors open ½ hour prior to showtime



Thursday March 27 • 7:00 pm • M



From the creators of  
"Fast Times at Ridgemont High"—  
something even faster.

**The Wild Life**

It's casual.

CHRISTOPHER PERO - LEA THOMPSON  
KLAN MITCHELL SMITH - JERRY WRIGHT - ERIC STOLTZ  
RICK MORANIS - HART BOCHNER - RANDY QUAD  
THE WILD LIFE CAMERON CROWE  
EDWARD VAN WALKER - JOHN LARKE  
C.O. ERICKSON - ART LINSON CAMERON CROWE  
ART LINSON  
A UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRODUCTION

Thursday March 27 • 9:00 pm • PG

DOUBLE  
FEATURE



### Looking for my Mother in the Woods

With wolf eyes  
moon eyes  
squinting eyes  
I went looking for my mother in the woods.  
Two nymphs  
with summer glances  
leaf eyes  
eyes already withered  
caressed my wrists  
drops of sweat on my brow.  
A dwarf on a hackney-coach  
waited smoking for my call.

I tried talking to the nymphs  
mumbling in wounded tongues  
I looked among roots of oaks  
digging my own brains out  
I drank scented oil  
from my trembling lamp.  
With scorched eyes  
sunny eyes  
eyes tired at last  
I saw the nymphs in my father's boots  
and from behind a grimace of smoke  
my mother waved her gypsy shawl.

by Silvano Zamaro

### Purification

Out of winter  
(with gravel-mashed gritty snow  
heaped along roads  
deceptive black ice loving cracks and holes)  
's grey skies  
(worse than white snow they threaten  
hang low  
depressing smoke)  
comes the sun.  
Cold blue bathes brown  
(down around the gravel heat  
collects)

streets turn liquid  
(the puddle's variegated colours huddle  
along a line of solvent-sunshine)  
sound erupts.  
(The kid on the sidewalk looks to see  
no bus - stomps in puddle  
and jumps onto busstop bench  
leaving one wet footprint  
which glitters its gravel diamonds and uncut stones  
under firelike light solidified.)

by Roma Quapp

### for a high school friend

they told me  
you were  
dying  
and i said

no  
but it's true  
and i  
cannot tell  
you my  
feelings but  
in verse  
which lives  
on past the  
22 years  
you and  
i  
share and though  
you cannot  
know  
how i  
understand truly  
i do and  
would  
graft my  
heart to yours  
to give  
it  
strength you  
ask me  
why  
i say  
because  
bonds  
hold like  
chain  
mail  
linking  
forever the  
imprints  
in a sea  
of tranquility a  
sea  
of showers.

by M.

# GRADUATES! YES, YOU CAN BUY THE ALL NEW '86 SUNBURST



NOW!  
AT  
\* \$215/MTH

## FRONT WHEEL DRIVE JAPANESE IMPORT BY PONTIAC

THE G.M. COLLEGE GRADUATE FINANCE PLAN ENABLES YOU TO PURCHASE THE G.M. OR TRUCK OF YOUR CHOICE AT SPECIAL DISCOUNT PRICES WITH SPECIAL G.M.A.C. FINANCING TERMS (5% DOWN PAYMENT) PROVIDED YOU ARE GRADUATING THIS SPRING, HAVE A VERIFIABLE COMMITMENT FOR EMPLOYMENT AND DO NOT HAVE A DEROGATORY CREDIT RECORD.

EXAMPLE: '86 SUNBURST  
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PRICE	\$8690.
GRADUATE DISCOUNT COUPON	-250.
SPECIAL PRICE	8440.
5% DOWNPAYMENT	-430.
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48 MTHS AT SPECIAL  
RATE OF 13%/ANNUM:

PAYMENTS \* \$215.7/MONTH  
TOTAL PAYMENTS \$10,320

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IT'S OUR WAY OF SAYING "CONGRATULATIONS"

**NORTHGATE**

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BUICK  
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13215 - 97 St.

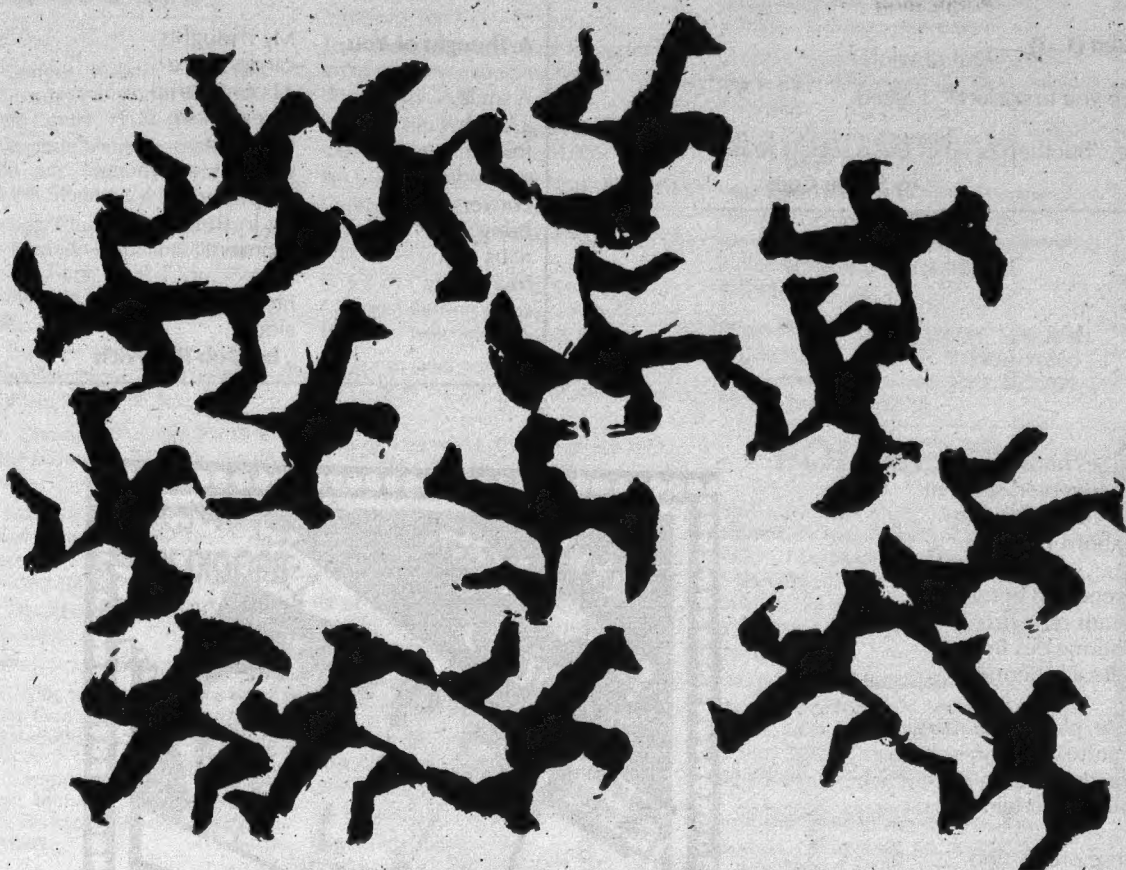
PONTIAC BUICK GMC

476 - 3371



Tim Hellum





face is laughter P.S.

Doug Schmidt

#### Bored Men and Little Children

In this repugnant world  
mind-bred darkness swallows man  
as he runs from day to night.  
The human world.  
This race of men,  
so many lost now on their trek into darkness.  
Losing track of how many things they've tried —  
— so little left to amuse them.  
Insidious boredom —  
from the stench of life's simple things  
the beast runs  
to the limit of this empty jungle.  
I was one of the little ones  
left alone too long after the hours had slipped —  
into darkness.  
The beast found me.  
I was awake and crying.  
The tired beast yawned, then —  
swallowed me up  
and my eyes saw the innards of uncontrollable man.  
Wretched memories of young days spent dreaming  
of the returning beast and I dream of that beast today.  
Disturbing introduction to the human world —  
jungle-world in its human boredom  
and its beast-like men.

by Teresa Lavoie

#### Friends

The conversation lulls  
into silence. Her eyes  
retreat. Drifting thoughts  
catch her, carry her.  
I follow.

Darkness holds her there  
in those chambers... thick  
and close: suffocating.  
I falter.

Spirit... the hidden faces  
who breathe my presence,  
my invading eyes.  
I wait.

The garments linger,  
hesitant to reveal. Then  
slipping so gently, soft  
and reaching, intangible;  
exposing truths.  
I watch.  
I listen, touch.

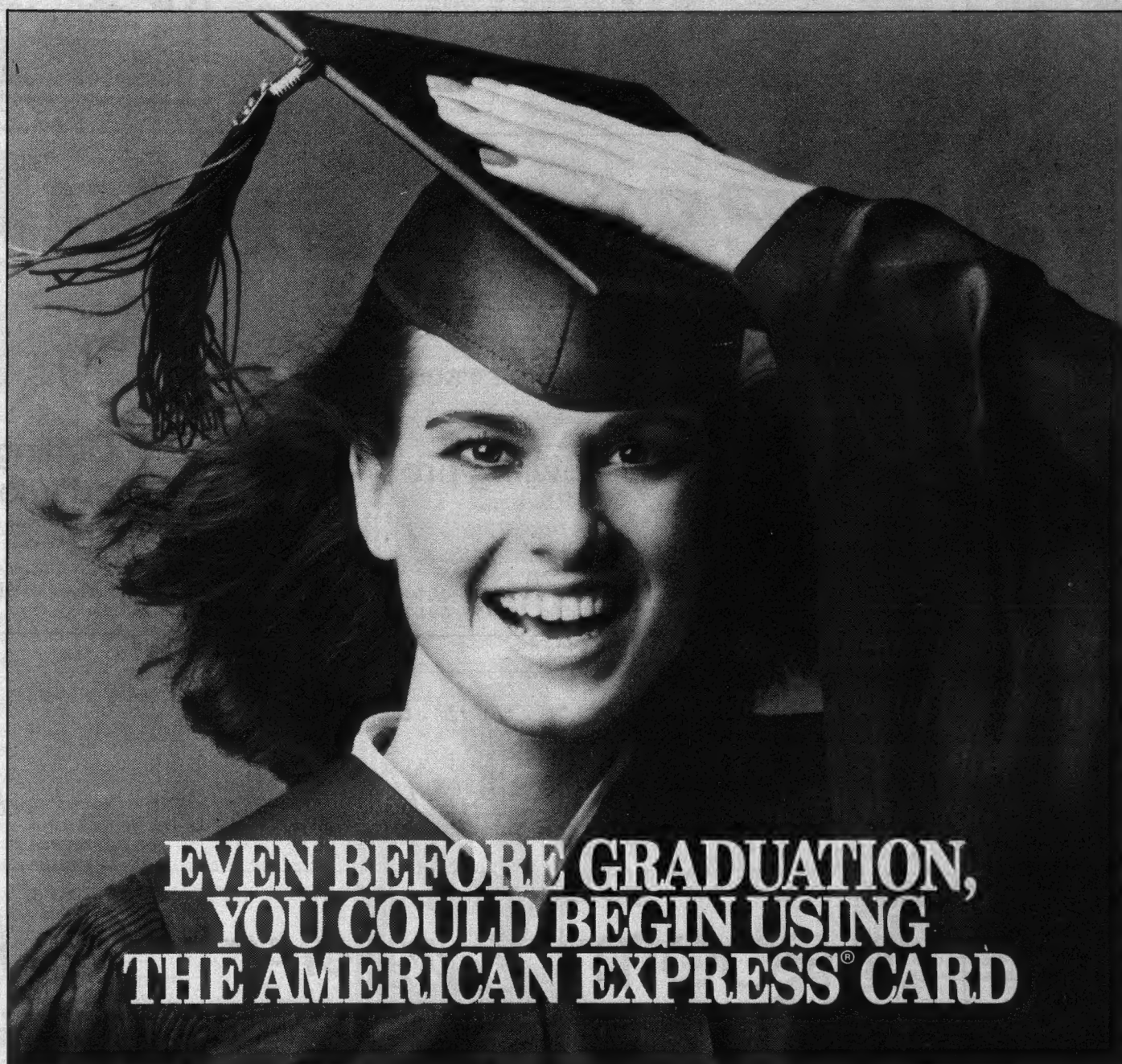
Blending to one  
as colors to white,  
yesterdays into tomorrows.  
No moment remains; each frame  
complete. She smiles  
and once again, we talk.  
My friend and I.

by Beverly H. Anderson

#### (untitled)

The brilliant moon  
Shining through the power lines:  
Cold in the city.

by John R. Manuel



**I**f you're graduating this year and you've  
accepted career-oriented employment  
at an annual salary of \$10,000 or more  
and have a clean credit record, you can get  
the American Express Card.

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### Les BAARBE et moi...

Plonge dans un bouillon où tu joues les lentilles  
Aupres des rejets de légumes haut places  
Leurs couleurs et odeurs, revets, et tu maquilles  
Pour la croire bonne fille, ton Université

Mais tous ces gens, par essence, te sont étrangers  
Des leurs, tu l'es seulement par grace étatique  
Eux n'aspirent bien sûr qu'à leurs futurs mois d'été  
Quand de nouveau tu seras trimant sous la trique

Et quand, sur l'une ou l'autre, tes filets tu jettes  
Si même d'esprit large, et moderne elle se veut  
Bientôt, vos mutuels attraits se demettent  
Ou, devant ta misère, en courant elle se meut

Il est vrai que toutes ne sont pas de ce bois  
Et, possédant assez, aiment goûter aux charmes  
D'une courte aduleuse avec un proletariat  
Qui ajoute le savoir au mordant de ses armes

### The Water's Not Deep

Did you say beauty?  
(No, beautiful is never quite clear)  
Did you hear screaming?  
(No, we don't have a thing to fear)  
You think that you're dreaming  
(Maybe all of us are going to sleep)  
I think I'm drowning  
(But you say the water's not deep)

You like the feeling  
(But you don't see what it's doing to me)  
You are not looking  
(Look for what it's going to be)

by Lorne Hartell

### A Contract Broken (T...?)

"Of what use are you to society?" I asked.

"Little," said she, "but then of what use is society to me."

by Shaun Cody

Et puis un campus, bien sûr, a ses bons cotes  
Bon nombre de ses hotes, a frequenter, seraient  
Plutôt plaisants, si pas toujours tellement prêts  
A voir que ton combat est d'abord y rester

Car pour eux, un echec, en general n'entraîne  
Qu'un changement de voie, sans remettre en question  
Leur appartenance au cercle fermé des Bons  
Amis de l'Argent qu'on Recolte a la Benne,

Mais toi tu n'est, sans ta Bourse, plus qu'un marginal  
Ouvrier rate, insolvable caricature  
D'intellectuel desabuse qui ne dure  
Que par expedients, Dieu que c'est original

Ah, évidemment, de l'heureuse proportion  
Tu peux aussi devenir partie diplomée  
Ta fierte n'aura d'egale que ton anxiété,  
Tu devras encore faire ton trou, et sand piston..

Et c'est la qu'on t'attend, la est le piège ultime:  
Car ta classe de départ, pour sentir le pétrole  
Jamais n'embaumera les milliards de centimes  
CA T'APPRENDRA A VOULOIR ALLER AUX ECOLES!!!  
(septembre '83)

by Philippe Sailer

### A Thought of You

A smile,  
a laugh,  
from a  
one-sided  
conversation  
bring  
tears of joy  
to a lonely  
soul.

My thoughts  
carried on a  
32 cent stamp  
reveal more  
than just  
words  
on paper;  
for in this brief  
moment  
I am  
no longer  
alone.

by Don Blazeovich



# need a break...

NEED

**lower floor • SUB**

pool sharks      bowling pros

**are welcome**

**HOURS:** Mon-Fri: 9:00 AM - 10:30 PM  
Sat-Sun: 1:00 PM - 10:00 PM

**Info Service**

**main floor • SUB**

**Getting Lost?  
Need Information?  
COME TO US!**

**HOURS:** Mon - Fri: 8 am - 8 pm  
Sat: 8 am - 3 pm

... get it in your own backyard

... courtesy of your Students' Union

DOOL

**ROOM of the TOP**

- Panoramic view of campus
- Satellite T.V.
- Draught on Tap
- Full Cocktail Service

**7th Floor SUB**

**Hours:** Mon.-Fri. 3-12  
Sat. 7-12

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Deli Sandwiches made to order  
Quality Selection of Fresh Salads  
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Superior selection of  
Breakfast Pastries  
Daily Specials  
Licensed for Beer & Wine  
11:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.

**Hours:** 7:00 am - 8:00 pm  
Main Floor SUB

**dewey's**  
Your neighbourhood pub  
in HUB

**FULLY LICENSED**

- Draught on Tap
- Wide selection of Domestic and Imported Beer
- Full Cocktail Service
- Specialty Liquors and Liqueurs

**Hours:** 3:00 pm to 1:00 am  
Monday - Saturday  
8915 - 112 Street (HUB)

## SERVICES:

- SORSE
- SU Help
- Cabarets

- Housing Registry
- CJSR
- Gateway

- Exam Registry
- SUB Theatre
- Typesetting





## footnotes

### MARCH 27

Lutheran Campus Ministry - 7:30 pm  
Maundy Thursday Worship at the Lutheran Student Centre, 11122 - 86 Ave.  
Lutheran Campus Ministry: 1986 Holy Week. 7:30 pm. Maundy Thursday worship at the Student Centre.

Keep-fit Yoga Club: Presentation by Swami Rerfananda on philosophy and breathing, 6:00 pm. 14-9 T.J., Free Silver collection

### MARCH 28

Lutheran Campus Ministry 7:30 pm  
Good Friday Worship at The Lutheran Student Centre, 11122 - 86 Ave.

Edmonton Chinese Christian Fellowship: Joint Fellowship 7:00 pm. South end of HUB

Lutheran Campus Ministry: 10:00 am  
Good Friday "Way of the Cross" Procession through downtown Edmonton. Meet at 10560-98 St. 7:30 pm Prayer and film: "The Passion of Christ" at the Lutheran Centre.

### MARCH 29

Eckankar: Truth, Mankind and the Spiritual worlds: Book Book discussion at 2:00 pm 201-8903-99 St. 431-0739

Lutheran Campus Ministry: 10:30 pm  
Easter Vigil, including the Sacrament of Baptism, Bishop J. Robert Jacobson, in Room 158A

### MARCH 30

Lutheran Campus Ministry: 1986 Holy Week. 10:30 am Easter Sunday Worship in SUB-158A.

### GENERAL

University Women's Club of Edmonton Scholarship 1986 - \$1,000 academic award to any graduate student. Applications: Rm. 252 - Athabasca Hall. Deadline: April 18/86-INFO: 436-9323

Undergraduates Science Society Science Jackets. Available Rm. M142 BioSci Ph. 432-2099 Feb 4 - Mar. 13.

U of A Native Students' Club Drop-In Centre: Rm. 121 Athabasca Hall.

Drinking a problem? There is a solution. nesday 11:00 - 1:30 Heritage Lounge, Alcoholics Anonymous, 482-6783. 2 Meetings/week on campus.

The Tae-Kwon-Do Club is currently accepting new members. For more info drop by 30F SUB.

Liberal Club Policy Meetings Wednesdays 12-1 pm Rm. 030-S (SUB).

Student Christian Movement: Drop-In Centre - Basement of Carneau United Church (11148 - 84 Ave.), Mon-Fri, 3:30 - 5:00 p.m.

G.A.L.O.C. (Gays and Lesbians on Campus) Resource/Drop In Centre — Everyone welcome Rm. 620 SUB.

Narcotics Anonymous. Can show drug users how to get free of the habit. 424-5590.

Young Executives Club Signed for a wardrobe workshop yet? Hurry and register at Bus 3-02.

Campus Community SVCC Info Centre SUB 030B (12 noon - 2 pm) Phone 432-2515.

U of A Rugby Club General Election March 27th. Nominations forms in by March 20th. SUB Rm 030M.

Deadline for nominations March 10, 4 pm.

CARA Stop in Room 614 SUB. Office hrs. 1-3 Wednesday/Friday or by appointment 489-1178 Andv.

St. Joseph's Catholic Community Mass times Sept. April

Weekend — Sat. 4:30 pm Sun. 9:30, 11:00 am, 4:00, 10 pm

Weekday — Mon. - Wed. - Fri., 7:30 am, 12:10, 4:30 pm. Tues. - Thurs., 7:30 am, 12:30, 4:30 pm. Sat., 12:10 pm.

## classifieds

### FOR SALE

Zoryana Resale Boutique — fine quality women's and men's clothing and accessories

LA36 Dec. Writer with keyboard APL character set; ADM Lear Seagler Video Display with keyboard. Both for input/output device to mainframe. 474-6388.

Look to Zoryana for vintage, natural fabrics, designer clothing and delightful prices. Under the red canopy at 8206 - 104 Street. 433-8566.

Good selection of new and used typewriters from \$99. Mark 9, HUB Mall, 432-7936.

Airline ticket to Ottawa for Sun. May 4/86. \$150.00. 430-6766 after 6 pm.

Start your own Lawn Care Company! For Sale! Mowers, Power Rake, Aerator, Rototiller c/w aerator tines, Power Roller, Trimmers, Riding Mower. 489-4927

Silver Plated "Selmer Signet" flute, low B \$385.00: Armstrong Gridillo Wood Piccolo, solid silver head joint, \$750.00. Phone Judy 433-0232.

## FOR RENT

Ideal accommodation for spring and summer session students. Partially furnished, 2 bedroom apartment, corner of 98th Ave and 110th Street. Parking available. 20 minute walk to Campus. \$385/per month. Phone: 482-4483 — after 8 pm.

Cheap summer accommodation. Sublet 2 bedroom apartment May - Aug. 15 minute walk to University. Fully furnished. \$300.00/month and electric and phone. 431-0374 evenings

Room for Rent in 6-man house. Available April 1st or May 1st. \$190.00, includes utilities. W/D, 10 minute walk. 11537 - University Ave. Phone 436-7408 (or 3629) Ian or Toni. Students only.

Roommate wanted. Female to share 3 bedroom, fully furnished, split level apt. Southside for June, July and August. Rent \$161.00 phone 436-6722.

## WANTED

Tutor required for a seven-year old boy with audio memory problems. Prefer 3rd or 4th year special education student. 5 hours/week. Hours & times flexible. Wage negotiable. Call 474-7113 evenings after 6:00 pm.

Women softball players wanted. for 2nd—3rd Division Team. Call 487-4052, 452-3598.

Four positions for Grounds Keepers, full-time or part-time. Send resume with photo, hours of work expected and salaries to: G.L. & T.S. — General Delivery, South Edmonton Post Office, South Edmonton.

Fresh-Exciting-Rewarding: Are you looking for something different, a sophisticated, excited change? Earl is taking his fresh quality foods one step further and needs energetic, sophisticated people to be part of our newest concept in gourmet dining. All positions available. Apply in person between 2-6 pm, The Tin Palace, 11830 Jasper Avenue.

Employment Opportunity: Need people for landscaping Phone 453-1910 D.H.C. LawnCare.

As Earl prepares for the upcoming summer, he is looking for young energetic individuals who work with people. Fit the description? Apply to Earl's Calgary Trail between the hours of 2-4 Monday to Friday

Summer Employment: Tree planting—bush locations—mobile camps—piece rate. Earnings potential \$5000 & up for 8 week period. Information available at CEC 4th floor SUB.

# GRAD PHOTOS

## FACULTY OF SCIENCE

APRIL 7 & 17

All Departments

## FACULTY OF ARTS

APRIL 7 & 17

# GOERTZ STUDIOS

8919 - 112 Street

433-8244

Make Your Appointment Now!!!

# Spring S.A.L.E

Tuesday — Saturday April 2 — 5

### UNIQUE —

Free silver and turquoise ring with every dress purchase

### SMASHIN FASHION —

Free perfume with every purchase over \$50

### A & A SPORTING GOODS —

Speedo bathing suits — 15% off — all racquets — 15% off

### WRINKLES —

20% off on all regular priced merchandise

### NEXT-TO-YOU —

Spring Jackets — 15% off

### CHAPMAN BROTHERS LTD. —

Helly Tech Breathable Running Pants Reg. \$59.95 Sale \$39.95 — Jones Anoraks Reg. \$94.95 Sale \$69.95 (limited quantities)

### THE KITCHEN WITCH —

Musical Glassware — 30% off

### CANDELIER CARD & GIFT SHOP

Stuffed Animals — 20% off

Gold Chains — 30% off

Matted Prints — 30% off

Degree Framing — 10% off

### GALATEA GALLERIES —

### INTRA EDMONTON TRAVEL —

Book your Contiki Package with INTRA Edmonton Travel and get up to two free nights in London, England

### VARSITY DRUG —

Ladies Fragrances — 20% off. Men's and Ladies' Sport bags — sale \$3.99

### MARK 9 —

Calculators — 20% off

### HUB FLOWERS —

6" Tropicals — Reg. \$10.95 Sale \$7.50

### HUB DELI —

Sub-marines — Roast Beef, Corned Beef — Reg. \$3.45 Sale \$3.15

— Ham and Cheese, assorted — Reg. \$2.95 Sale \$2.65

— Pizza — Reg. \$2.75 Sale \$2.50

Hot Dog — Reg. \$1.25 sale \$1.00.

### DARI-DELITE —

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## 21 DAY MINI EUROPEAN TOUR

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Night tour of Paris, see the Gardens of Fontainebleau, Beajolais wine tasting, see the leaning tower of Pisa, Venice waterbus trip, Munich Olympic Complex and Vaduz excursions, Amsterdam bicycle tour and much, much more. Get complete details from Intra Edmonton Travel.

Other tour packages from 13 days to 58 days.

UP TO 2 Free Nights

IN LONDON PLUS LONDON EXPLORER PASS

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INTRA EDMONTON TRAVEL

Hub Mall

9006 - 112 St. 433-2494

Standard Life Centre

10405 Jasper Avenue 426-3874



On The U Of A Campus **HUB MALL** Phone 432-2241



# Page 20 — Gateway

Part-time receptionist for South-side Real Estate Company close to Heritage Mall. Must have good typing skills and pleasant telephone manner. Long-term position. Call Harvey Downes 437-2110. Need a Job? Build your own business. Generate income now that will continue when you're back in the books. Call Nicole 466-1050.

## SERVICES

Canada Home Tutoring Agency Ltd. — High quality tutoring at reasonable rates. All subjects. Grades 1-12, University. Non min. hour. Money back guarantee 432-1396.

Will type for students. Reasonable rates. Near University. Wilma 454-5242.

Typing — Call 422-7570 on-campus St. Albert Typing, phone Arlene 459-8495.

Typing Meadowlark Area reasonable rates Marlene 484-8864.

Word Processing, resumes, mailing lists, top quality, low prices, low prices. 433-7264 or 439-3640

Data Processing, Typing, fast, accurate, Pickup, deliver, 20% discount for students. Phone Chris 438-5550 9.00 - 3.30, 481-4945 Sunday and evenings

Typing IBM Selectric. All work proof-read. Mrs. Theander 465-2612.

West Edmonton .. Quality word processing; letters, resumes, term papers. My home. Call Margaret 481-4601. McMahon Word Processing. Term papers, letters, reports, proof read, 24 hour turnaround on most papers. 464-2351.

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Experienced typist reasonable rates, Bonnie Doon area, phone 469-6146.

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Copy shop (walk-up or full service) and word processing service specializes in resumes, term papers, theses. IBM correcting typewriters you can use. Open evenings, Saturdays. Mark 9, HUB Mall, 432-7936.

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Affordable, negotiable typing rates Jacques 426-5840/452-9710

Typing: Professional, courteous service; proof reading. Reasonable rates on all papers. Susan 466-0114

Typing, word processing; resumes etc.. Accord Steno Services. North end of Hub Mall. 433-7727

Professional typist. All typing needs handled with: proficiency, accuracy, promptness. Call Janis — after 5:00 (weekdays) — anytime (weekends). "Reasonable Rates" 438-2061.

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\$1.00 IBM typing. Puvana 439-1818/433-5370, 11147 - 82 Ave.

High Level Secretarial Services Ltd. Word Processing, essay, term papers \$1.25/page D.S. Photo-copiers available. 433-3272.

Typing — word procesing. March only — \$12/hour & Free Gift Certificate. Mastercard & Visa accepted, (courier service available). Available days, evenings, weekends, Tri-Star — 487-7271 (west end).

Moving? I can help. Cheap. Call Art at 922-3422

Lost for Words? Proof/Editing. 467-7925 after 5. S. Hanley

Typing: Fast Service, Reasonable Rates, on campus pickup and delivery. Ph. 455-9715

Swami Rerfananda, Yoga expert from Himalayas Athram gives a presentation of Yoga Philosophy and breathing techniques. Thursday, 6:00 pm, 14-9 Tory, No fees, silver collection. Information: Carol 471-1989 evenings.

## PERSONALS

Clansmen Rugby Club. John Nelson, Days 471-0557 Evenings 478-5173.

Pregnant and Distressed? Free, confidential help/pregnancy tests. Birthright 432-2115. Hours 12 to 3 Monday through Friday. Rm 030K

Single's Network: Looking for an alter-

nate way to meet people? We offer a personalized, supportive method for single people of all ages to connect. For more information call 433-7711

Omeko Labs is holding an information packed birth control lab at Ellerslie Rugby Park on the evening of April 4th. This has nothing to do with the Rugby Party on the same night. Really...

Princess Catherine: I have to save you today. Ratt 5:00. Ian (p.s.: FST?)

Female looking for someone to travel Europe with this summer. Phone 439-4788

## LOST & FOUND

Found: 1 calculator V-128. Call 452-0119 to identify & claim. Ask of Pauline.

Reward: For return of navy & red Andre Jamet ski jacket. Please contact Michelle 453-3342.

Lost: Ladies Gold Pulsar Watch. Lost in Pavilion Monday, March 24/86. Large Reward — Sentimental value. Cindy — 433-9473.

Lost: Two toned blue Roman change purse with gold coloured design. Great sentimental value. Phone Michele 453-3342.

Lost: Ladies Citizen watch, black leather strap, black face. Lost between 10:00 and 10:30 am Wednesday, March 19. Reward offered. Phone 433-2485